



AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR."

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

And therefore thou may'st think my 'havior light;
But, trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
Shakspeare.

"This is certainly extraordinary—very extraordinary indeed," said Arthur Ravensdale, as he stood gazing on an open letter which he held in his hand; "a lady wishes to see me alone on Fairmount, at nine o'clock on Thursday evening, to communicate something of importance—she will observe punctuality and expect the same from me—what in the name of wonder can be the meaning of all this? Surely so unbecoming a request can never proceed from any one I ought to meet. To see me alone! at night! In a solitary place in the country! O nonsense! what lady would ever dream of such a thing? It must be an idle jest intended to be played off on me by some of my thoughtless acquaintance—pity it is they have no better employment. And yet this note bears upon it the marks of authenticity—is written in a fair undisguised hand, and yet has a little tremulousness about it which seems to indicate that it was indited under some agitation. I wish I had asked the bearer from whence it came. She wishes to communicate something of importance—that sounds serious—perhaps it may be matter in which my welfare is concerned—even my life may be in danger. Yet if so, why this secrecy? would it not be more honest and open to speak out plainly? There could be no necessity to lure me to a lonely spot at night—that looks badly—it may be a trick of some villain to plunder me—I believe I had better remain quietly at home."

But Arthur Ravensdale, notwithstanding this deliberate conclusion, could not remain quietly at home—there was an air of romance about the thing which chimed in with his own ardent propensities, and would not let him rest. I hold that curiosity is not so censurable as many would imagine—for although in the instance of our common mother its effect was rather deleterious, yet it must be admitted to be the base of all knowledge, and the cause

of many important advantages. One hates to be tantalized with an unsolved mystery; and it was this feeling that induced our hero to forego his first determination, and finally fall into the wishes of his unknown correspondent. He felt an insatiable desire to know who it was, and what it was that called for his presence in such a place and at such an hour, and not being able to make the discovery in any other way than the one pointed out, he determined at length to hazard all consequences, and visit the place of rendezvous at the time requested. He took the precaution, however, to arm himself for the occasion, lest perchance the object should prove other than it professed to be, and require such protection.

It was a beautiful calm night in the "leafy month of June," when Ravensdale set out to meet his mysterious summoner. The full moon was already high in heaven, and shed a softened charm over the whole landscape. Every one knows the picturesque beauty of the scene which had been selected for this singular meeting. On the present occasion, it wore peculiar attractions. The night, as I have said, was of the loveliest—the river flowed along with the quiet of sleep—except when its waters broke over the long-stretched dam—and here and there, a little boat was gliding along, and challenging observation by the glitter of its oars in the moonlight—on the hills, groups of wanderers were gathered—and at different points from amid the shade of scattered trees, the sound of music was heard, mingled with the voice of light-hearted hilarity.

To the feelings of a youth of five and twenty, who possessed rather a poetical temperament, and who was already under the influence of unusual excitement, the scene could not fail to produce peculiar emotions. He wandered about the hill, in a kind of mental abstraction, until his ideas became perfectly confused, and a host of "thick-coming fancies" began to crowd into his mind. In this state, he stopped by the stairs which lead from the hill to the north-east, and stood leaning upon the railing, when he felt an arm gently put into his, and with a quiet pressure urging him forward. He looked round, and beheld at his side a lady of the most graceful form and genteel appearance. She did not speak,

but with an action of her hand, pointed to the road that leads northward along the border of the river, and motioned him onward. He was not in the mood to disobey, and they went silently along together. After traversing the road for the distance of about half a mile, they came to an opening in a wood, which formed an abrupt valley, with a spring at the bottom. Into this valley the lady led the way, and having reached the fountain, she seated herself on a rock by its side. Hitherto she had not spoken, and a thick green veil, with which she was covered, entirely prevented our hero from ascertaining whether she was one whom he had previously known or not. She now addressed him with a voice of trembling sweetness—"Arthur Ravensdale," said she, "you may well believe that I have not asked this interview without the greatest hesitation. I know that all the prejudices and feelings of society are raised against a course, which would be pronounced at once indelicate and unfeminine. For a thousand worlds I would not have you suppose me insensible to that true modesty, which forms the brightest jewel of the female character. I have sought the aid of reason and religion, and I find nothing adverse to either in the purpose I have undertaken. I feel that my happiness is deeply, nay, inextricably involved in it—yours may be also. How far that is the case is what I wish to solve."

To Ravensdale the whole matter was perfectly inexplicable. He certainly understood the words she uttered, but what relation they had to his circumstances he could not possibly imagine—he stood in mute astonishment.

"I perceive," she continued, "that you are surprised at my words, and I do not wonder that you should be. But I beg you not to judge me prematurely, or in accordance with the preconceived opinions of the world—only let my conduct be approved or condemned as it shall stand the test of abstract propriety, under all the circumstances of the case. In what I am about to confess to you I ask your indulgence, not because I consider it wrong myself, but because it may be looked upon in that light by others—perhaps at the first blush by you. Yet I trust your good sense will enable you to decide without prejudice, and do, the right to the world, to yourself and to me."

She paused a moment and seemed somewhat at a loss how to proceed. Her auditor was more completely bewildered than ever, and waited eagerly for the further development of her views.

"This is not the first time we have met, Mr. Ravensdale," added she, "though you may possibly ere this, have forgotten the circumstances of our former interview. With me that interview is an indelible remembrance, which notwithstanding it has been kept for years hidden in the recesses of my own heart, refuses to be effaced either by time or discipline. If either would have removed it, I should not have called on you now to listen to the acknowledgment of my weakness. But I find my endeavors to suppress the feelings then inspired, only tending to increase their strength. There was no way left to me, short of a life of hopeless concealment, but the almost untrodden path I have pursued. Pardon me, therefore, Arthur Ravensdale, when I say that I love you—when I throw myself upon your mercy, and ask you not to despise me for the confession. You do not know me—neither do I wish that at present you should—when you do, you will possibly remember that I have some small claim on your regard. I urge not this, however, as an enforcement of your affection—for I wish only the free offering of your heart. If on recognition and due reflection, you can freely return my regard, I am yours for good and ill; and shall be rendered most happy in the accomplishment of the ardent, but suppressed desire of seven tedious years. If otherwise, and I fail at last in my cherished hopes, I shall not reproach you, but in the retirement which disappointment will render welcome, shall continue to hold you in undiminished esteem, and to maintain the warmest desires for your welfare."

If Ravensdale was surprised before, his astonishment was in no wise lessened by this candid, but—he felt bound to acknowledge—modest and unpresuming declaration. He felt himself placed by it in so perfectly novel a situation, that all the rules upon which he had been accustomed to act, were entirely inapplicable. He knew not what to say, but deeming it necessary to make some reply, he was about to blunder out some complimentary expression of his sense of the honor she did him, and how unprepared he was for such a communication, or something to that effect, when she prevented his purpose by laying her hand gently on his arm, and saying, "Do not answer me now, Mr. Ravensdale, we are both too much agitated for further parley. This paper," (and she put a small note into his hand,) will give you a hint, which will most probably enable you to recollect the circumstances under which we have met before. Reflect on it seriously and without prejudice, and in one month let me have your answer in this place. It is now proper that we separate—do not think unkindly of me—and for the present, good night!"

As she spoke, Arthur took her presented hand. "Shall I not see you in safety to your home?" said he. "No," she replied, "not now—there is a bright moon, and I shall reach

it without interruption. For the present I must remain unknown. On your honor, sir, I charge you not to follow me." And as she concluded, she turned away, and was immediately lost in the bend of the road.

It was some moments after she had left him, before our hero was sufficiently master of himself to think of turning his steps homeward also. He could scarcely persuade himself but that all he had seen and heard was a mere dream, and it is quite uncertain whether he would not have settled down in that conclusion, had not the paper which he still held in his hand, given tangible demonstration of its reality. As soon as he reached his domicile, he hastened to ascertain its contents. It presented only these few words—"Remember the waterfall on the Catsbergs." Few as they were, however, they acted like a talisman, and immediately brought before his mind the whole train of adventures connected with his visit to the mountains, which we shall now proceed to relate.

No one who has ever visited the Catskill mountains, will be likely soon to forget the beauty of the view from that elevated point, where art has contrived a resting place for the weary traveller, and provided the comforts and luxuries of social life, amid the wild beauties of nature. The prospect is indeed one of the grandest that can well be conceived, and produces a feeling in the mind somewhat similar to that excited by a view of the ocean. The idea of vastness predominates—but that very vastness, if I may so express it, almost defeats itself, by destroying in a great measure our idea of size and distance, and making large and remote objects appear much smaller and less distant than they really are. Comparisons must be first instituted with things of known size, before we can fully take in the extent over which we are gazing. North, south, and east, for miles and miles, the eye wanders over one interrupted landscape, of beautiful and varied aspect, bounded only by the far off mountains, which stretch in a line of hazy blue along the horizon. Intermediately, a thousand objects present themselves to the admiration of the spectator. Here, a city presents its glittering spires to the sun—there, a smaller village smiles in miniature with its white dwellings—while over the whole country cottages and farm-houses are scattered among the green meadows and harvest fields, each with its picturesque share of flocks and herds. In two or three spots, little lakes look bright in the midst of verdure, and beyond a noble river, shorn by distance of its grandeur, runs through a wide extent of country, till it is lost in the confusion of indistinctness. The shadows of the clouds which play about the tops of the mountains, give a beautiful variety to the foliage of the forest trees, which here in shade and here in sunshine, present at once almost all the different degrees of verdure of the early spring and more advanced summer. It is good for a man's fancy and his feelings also to be occasionally among the mountains, for he knows not otherwise the combined beauty and magnificence of nature, or forgetful of it, is apt to fashion

his ideas of the world he inhabits, upon the littleness of human invention which he sees around him. He must be possessed of unenviable apathy, who can stand for the first time on a mountain top, without peculiar emotions.

We must forgive Arthur Ravensdale, however, if he did not go into raptures on arriving at that elevation of the Catskills, which is generally known as the Pine Orchard; for as the sun was at least two hours below the horizon, the view which we have endeavored to describe was entirely shut out by the darkness of the night. He perceived, however, by the coolness of the atmosphere, that he had obtained a considerable height, and being willing to postpone his ecstasies until morning, he was satisfied for the present to be assured by the moving lights in the extensive edifice before him, that society and its attendant comforts were yet within his reach. Accordingly he entered the house and threw himself upon a seat, which travel had rendered welcome, when he was presently aroused into eager attention by a voice of the most captivating sweetness, chanting in a strain of simple melody the following words—

As the waves from distant fountains
Rolling onwards to the main,
After wandering 'mid the mountains,
Mingle sweetly on the plain—

Even so will kindred natures—
Tho' too long detained apart;
And unknowing form and features—
When they meet, unite in heart.

There is something peculiar in the effect of music upon particular moods of the mind. It often melts into the soul and overturns all the sternness of stoicism; and yet the reason why it does so is positively a mystery to ourselves. Like the juice of the grape, it becomes indefinably overpowering; we feel its force, but we are not able to detect its latent influences. Thus it was with Arthur Ravensdale, for without being able to assign any manly cause for his emotion, even at the singing of that little air, he wept—he was ashamed of it, but he did absolutely weep! This unusual tenderness of feeling, however, gradually wore away, and was succeeded by the most intense anxiety to discover from whom the music had proceeded. For this purpose he walked out upon the terrace, but the song had ceased, and every chamber was in profound darkness and quiet. A long time he watched and waited, in the hope that the music would be renewed—but at length the recollection of the fatigues of the day induced him to seek a repose of which his exhausted frame stood much in need. He retired to rest, but not to sleep; for that voice had taken such possession of his mind, that he could not dismiss it from his memory. Twenty times did he start up from unsound slumbers, under the impression that the song was again sung; and as often did he lie down again disappointed, until, at length, fatigue overcame imagination, and soft sleep, like a dew, fell refreshingly over his faculties.

It was early dawn when our hero awoke.

The gray mists were beginning to move among the hills, and some bright streaks of crimson on the light clouds that skirted the horizon, indicated the hour of sunrise to be near. All was as silent as if Nature herself literally slept, except an occasional bird, whose unbroken joy gave it early wakefulness. The tints in the east became gradually brighter, until at length the sun appeared, and began to illuminate the tops and sides of the mountains. As yet the valley lay entirely in shade, for day had only risen upon the more elevated grounds. Slowly, however, the rays began to creep along the forests, sweeping away the night fogs before them, till at last they spread over the whole extended country, and imparted a beauty even to the little smoke wreaths, that from the distant habitations were giving token of the stir of life and activity.

Ravensdale was standing on the edge of a rock watching the scene with intense interest, when his attention was attracted by a rustling among the leaves, and looking to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he perceived on a neighboring precipice a girl apparently about seventeen, gazing with silent admiration over the scene which had just occupied his own attention. Her figure was light and graceful, and she possessed a face which expressed so much intelligence combined with sweetness of disposition, that a common observer could scarcely fail, even at first sight, to find himself unusually interested. In a susceptible youth like Arthur Ravensdale, who was then but eighteen, it is not to be wondered, therefore, if it excited feelings of a most ardent and enthusiastic character. His warm imagination had been already considerably awakened by the scene before him, and he was just in tune for the wildest workings of romance. He forgot the sunrise and the landscape, and saw nothing but the beautiful fairy before him. "She is an angel!" exclaimed he in the fervor of his young fancy; "lovely as the light of day!"—"Thou speakest unadvisedly, young man!" said a voice behind him, which was that of Samuel Had, a tall, slender figure of about six feet. Emily Merton is but a mere woman, and I fear a thoughtless one too!"—"You know her then?" eagerly inquired Arthur.—"No," replied the Quaker. "I know nothing of her excepting that that is the name by which she is here called."—"But do you not think her beautiful?"—"Why as to the outward," said Mr. Had, "I cannot but say that the girl is comely to look upon; but then," added he with a faint smile, "thou should'st adhere to facts; and it certainly is not the strict truth to say she is an angel!"—"Well sir!" replied the youth, "I will not dispute with you the point of veracity; but give me the poetry of life, and you are welcome to all the prose. Why such a being as that —" He turned as he spoke, to the spot where she had been standing, but she had vanished; Samuel Had was also stalking away, and Arthur had no resource but to come down from the clouds and follow to the breakfast room.

It was to little purpose that he helped him-

self to the food before him, for his whole attention was absorbed in Emily Merton. He contrived to happen to sit on the opposite side of the table, where he could feast on her beauty, and was so exceedingly polite in his attentions during the hour of breakfast, that she gradually began in the unaffected simplicity of her heart, to converse with him on some topic on which their sentiments were congenial, and before the meal was ended, she seemed much pleased with his vivacity and intelligence, which combined with a handsome exterior, rendered him an object of no mean interest. The feelings, however, which influenced each, were so carefully guarded, that not the slightest expression of them could be observed, beyond what common courtesy would fully warrant. When the breakfast was concluded, therefore, Arthur did not feel himself warranted in obtruding farther on her attention, and betook himself to the woods, intending to while away part of the morning by visiting the splendid waterfall, which the little stream of Katerskill forms in the bosom of the mountain forest.

If the view from the bluff on which the mountain house is situated, is one of grandeur, the scene of the waterfall is no less magnificent. It unites the wild and the picturesque in an eminent degree, presenting the uncommon spectacle of a little brook pouring from rock to rock, to the bottom of its romantic ravine. On either side of the descent is a steep and rugged path, better suited (especially that at the bottom of the lower fall,) for the sure feet of a mountain goat, than those of a human being. Ravensdale had been sitting for some time in the spacious amphitheatre which forms the basin of the first fall, watching the glittering stream as it splashed down before him, and was about commencing his further descent, when, as he was carefully letting himself round a hazardous turn of the path, he thought he heard above him the words of the last night's song, chanted again by the same sweet voice which had then so deeply interested him. He paused to listen, and forgetting in the raptures of the moment his dangerous situation, was only aroused to a sense of it, by finding himself losing his foothold, and slipping down the abrupt descent. To stop his course he grasped a small bush that grew in his way. It was the only object within reach to which he could cling to prevent his being dashed among the rocks below; but what was his emotion when he perceived that it was not sufficient to support his weight, and that its roots were gradually loosening from the earth. The cold dew of horror hung upon his forehead, as he thought himself doomed to inevitable destruction, and he endeavored to condense into one aspiration the thoughts that became his need. He watched with no enviable feelings the particles of earth rolling down one by one as the bush separated itself from its hold, till at last it was only supported by its larger and stronger root, which also was on the point of giving way. A dim dizziness came over him, and he was just about relinquishing his grasp, when he heard a voice above him say—"Give

me your hand"—and looking up he saw Emily Merton clinging to a stout tree with one hand, while she stretched the other towards him to accept the proffered aid. There was no time, in his situation, to calculate the consequences, or think of the possibility of involving her in his own fate. On the instant he seized her hand, and the next moment the bush to which he held gave way, and rolled to the bottom of the gulf. His heart beat again when he found himself in comparative safety; but Emily Merton's strength was inadequate to do more than merely to support him in his still perilous situation, until further assistance could be obtained. It speedily came in the lank person of Samuel Had, and by his timely and kindly interference, both the adventurers were presently restored to a firm footing on the upper ground which overlooked the cascade. "It was well for thee, young man," said the Quaker, with a jog of his elbow, "that this damsel did not prove so much of an angel as thou wouldst have made her this morning—I think thy chance must have been a slender one had she been less of flesh and blood material."—"She is an angel of kindness, nevertheless," answered Ravensdale; "let me at once pour out to her the fullness of my soul for this preservation." He turned to the spot where she had stood the moment before, and was about to throw himself at her feet, but she was gone. Samuel Had gazed around him with little less astonishment than the youth, and almost began to believe that she was in reality more of a spirit than he had been willing to imagine. "The girl hath departed," said he, "truly she hath a light foot, as well as a strong arm—eh, Friend Arthur?—and though I may not think with thee that she belongs to the tribe of angels and fairies of whom thou talkest she is certainly one of the uncommon ones of the earth. I would she had not fled so hastily! Yet, if thou regardest a good dinner, and I think thou needest refreshment, we had better follow her example." With this he led the way back to the mansion house, giving Ravensdale, as they went, many kind and wholesome admonitions on prudence and moderation.

Arthur cared much less for his dinner than he did for obtaining another interview with his fair preserver. In her then were united the melodious voice of the preceding night, and the captivating beauty which had so interested him on that same morning. Beside it was only to thank her for her disinterested kindness. Dinner came, but she was not there—she had left the house before his return; and though for seven years Arthur Ravensdale pursued his inquiries, he was not able to gather any tidings on the interesting subject of Emily Merton.

From the explanations into which we have thus entered, the mystery of the lady in the green veil will, we trust, be sufficiently understood. If Arthur Ravensdale hesitated about accepting her invitation to their recent moonlight interview, he was now equally anxious for the approach of the time she had appointed to receive his answer. To find Emily Mer-

tion in this way was a thing he could not have expected. And yet, so much was he influenced by the prejudices of society, he could not help arguing with himself on the propriety of her conduct. "What will the world say?" he soliloquized, "will it not upbraid her for a disregard of its customs, and charge her with a want of delicacy in these advances? And yet why should not a woman have in this respect the same privilege as a man? There is no abstract impropriety in the declaration of affection on the part of one more than the other. An opposite opinion narrows immeasurably the circle of a woman's choice, and, no doubt, frequently induces marriages prejudicial to the happiness of the parties. If she were permitted the liberty to select, not only from among the extremely limited number of her particular admirers, but from the wider field of her acquaintance, a partner congenial to her heart, her chance of happiness would be infinitely greater than when she is obliged to take the best man that offers; though, perhaps, but the best of the bad, or draw out a life of hopeless celibacy. The well-being of her sex requires that the world should intermit some of its prejudices—there is as much harm done by false delicacy, as there is good effected by that which is real. No—no—let the world say what it will, Emily Merton has acted rightly—and though some fastidious mortal, may blame her candor, I shall never value her the less for having taken the first step towards our mutual happiness."

Having come to this deliberate conclusion, Arthur Ravensdale went with no little emotion to the appointed place of rendezvous, in the valley by the fountain, where he found the lady enveloped as before in her green veil, already in waiting. "Emily Merton!—is it indeed Emily Merton I behold?" exclaimed the youth, pressing her hand ardently to his lips.

"Do you then agree to take the veil?" enquired she, playfully raising it, and exposing again that lovely face that had so fairly caught his heart upon the mountain.

"Certainly, sweet Emily," replied he, "when you are to be my confessor. You have taken it already too long—I have been for years anxious to see you—to thank you for what I can never repay, and even now, but for your kind consideration—"

"Aye, there's the point, Mr. Ravensdale, there's the point. You must know that I have striven hard to play the part of Shakespeare's heroine, who 'never told her love'—but it wasn't in my nature, and I could not do it. But to be serious, dear Arthur, I was a thoughtless girl when you first knew me, but that is gone with years—yet, as respects yourself, I am not dissatisfied with my conduct either then or now. My present course will probably be condemned, but if I am justified in your opinion, I shall hope for the final indulgence of society. I believe we have no mutual acquaintance, and this will account, in connexion with my retirement in the country, for our not having met since that memorable summer. I knew not what impression might have been made on your mind by the scenes of that period, and I had no means of

ascertaining but in this one way. I could not live on in this uncertainty—had you even said nay to my hopes, I should have been comparatively happy. You do not think I have foregone the dignity of my sex—do you, dear Arthur?"—A warm kiss imprinted on her cheek was the best answer he could give; and in a few weeks he gave better proof of it by making her his wedded wife.

It was a mirthful, happy day when Arthur and Emily called their friends together at her mother's country mansion to celebrate their nuptials. "First love" had remained forgotten in their hearts since their earliest meeting; and although it seemed to both for a long period, as if indeed "its hopes had all gone by," yet the protracted delay their affections had experienced, was now fully compensated by the condensed satisfaction of that interesting moment, when they plighted each other the promise of lasting love and duty.

All went on quietly and cheerfully, and evening began to decline upon the landscape, when a heavy footstep was heard in the entry, the parlor door flew open, and Samuel Had stood before them. He stalked up to Arthur and Emily with his usual long strides, and taking their hands between both his—"Excuse an old man's weakness," he said; I heard of this and I could not help coming to give you my benediction. Emily, thou art not quite an angel yet, but a right true woman—is she not, Arthur?—Ah! ye're a goodly pair, and I am most glad to see you together.—Farewell.—Bless you—children—bless you—bless you!"

The tears streamed down the old man's cheeks.

"But you are not going, Mr. Had?" said Arthur; "you will surely stay and pass the evening with us." Emily added her kindest request. "Oh! do, Mr. Had, we have not seen you so long."—"No—no—my dear children, thank you truly, but I must not now—an old man is always best under his own roof at night. Emily this is not the first time thou hast given him thy hand—I know it is not—he found good service in it before, eh, Arthur? and I trust he will again—so my boy, be kind to the little wild girl of the mountain—Heaven bless you both!—Farewell!"

The old man went away with an overflowing heart—but many a time and oft in after days did he renew his visits in the happy family of Arthur Ravensdale, to talk about past times, and repeat his reminiscences of the scenes and adventures on the Catskill mountains.—*Lady's Book.*

▲ BEAR HUNT IN VERMONT.

I HAVE just been reading 'Sketches of the Eccentricities of David Crockett' the great hunter of the west. But this same David Crockett is no part of a priming to a Varmount hunter, who stands six feet four without shoes or stockings—one of your regular built busters, who wasn't born no how any way, but the thunder shook him out of a rock;—who will tear up a live oak tree with one hand and ring off a bear's neck with the other, who will carry home panthers in his

vest pocket, and eat wildcats with a spoon. David used to make a good four hour's job of killing a bear, but a Varmounter don't want over fifteen minutes if the bear is any thing less than nine feet long—a genuine Varmounter—one who come out of the Green Mountains in a thunder-storm, and who has proved his manhood by slinging a panther over the mountain by the tail when he was eight years old, is a model for a modern hunter—a backwoodsman isn't a shaving to him—he is no more to be talked of in the same day than a popgun and a thunder clap. A Varmounter never uses a dog—he is his own dog. Give him a gun and he asks no odds—there's no varmint that crawls the earth who can match him.

Zeb Short—he was only six feet two, used to be laughed at, by the regulars, and he was no fool—he used to say he could take a backwoodsman by the heel, and shake his liver out in no time. And yet he was considered but a boy. I once saw Zeb have a 'tussle' with a bear, which sent my blood dancing but didn't seem to stir him out of his ordinary course. We were out a hunting one morning—I was a novice in the business, but Zeb had seen play, when we came on the track of a bear. Zeb primed his smooth bore—he never saw a percussion,—and trailed on. I followed at a respectful distance, determined to have a shot. After tramping through woods, slumping through sloughs, and shoving through under-brush we came in sight of him—the largest fellow my two eyes ever looked on. I was for letting into him at once, but Zeb says he 'dout waste your powder man, I want to shoot him just under the off ear, that's the spot,' so I held up. He went on as fearlessly as if he was treading his own kitchen, with his shooting iron in his right hand until he was within three paces of the monster. The bear turned round and took a steady look at him. Zeb raised his gun to his shoulder and snapped. 'Confound this powder—it's as slow as a woman.' The bear walked towards him and Zeb snapped again. No fire. The bear was now within two lengths of the gun, and Zeb kept snapping. He began walking backwards still snapping the old flint, but his gun wouldn't go. 'Shall I shoot Zeb?' 'No if the gun went go I'll knock him down with the butt of it.' Just as he had spoken, his foot caught in the brush and over he went flat on his back—and dropped his gun. The bear was on him in an instant.

I raised my gun—but Zeb sung out 'fair play,' and I trembling all over. There he was rolling round on the ground grappling with the fierce animal which was at least four times his weight, and not a weapon about him. I thought it was all over with the poor fellow. Presently he got one hand into the bear's mouth and grappled his tongue. The bear writhed like a serpent, and chewed away on his arm as if it had been a stick.—The cold drops run off my forehead and I was about to fire, when he pulled his hand from the bear's mouth, ripping out his tongue by the roots. The bear bounded up in ago-

ny and run. Zeb was up in a twinkling. 'I guess you'll never holler much more' said he, and seizing his gun gave chase. They ran about a hundred yards, and I after them, when they both together went plump into a slough. I could not help him—they were both rolling round so in the mud I could not tell which was the man and which the bear. 'What shall I do Zeb?' said I almost paralyzed. 'Be striking a fire man' said he as he spit out the mud, 'I want to eat some of the fellow.' I could do nothing but look at him. There he was floundering in the mud with a great bear and nothing but his hands to help him. I considered him a dead man. But I was mistaken. As soon as the bear turned so that he had a chance, he gripped him by the back of his neck and pushed his head arm's length down into the slough—'There you varmint suck mud for your breakfast.' The monster floundered like a vexed tiger. 'You may as well take it easy, said Zeb 'its no use kicking.'

Here was a sight a man don't see every day of his life. A genuine Vermont hunter holding a bear down in the mud with a main force, by the head as he would a child. Zeb looked on while the bear kicked, as coolly as if he were wringing the neck of a chicken. Up to his middle in mud, and with a grave face holding the bear down as far as he could reach.

'But my story is longer telling than it was doing. Suffice it Zeb held him there till he was perfectly quiet, and dragging himself out of the mud left the bear stick, tail up in the slough. Winding his handkerchief round his arm, which was horridly mangled, he reported himself ready to continue his hunt.

This is but one instance reader, of a bear hunt in Vermont, and I can vouch for its truth, but it is enough to give you an idea how they manage things up there. I wonder what David Crockett would have done if he had been in Zeb's place, with all his alligator and steam boat. Why Zeb could tie a bear in a double bow knot round him and heave both where they would never see day light again.—*Hartford Pearl.*

LORD BYRON IN A STORM.

The following extracts are from a little work published in London, entitled 'A Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Sicily, Corsica and Sardinia, in the year 1821; compiled from minutes made during the voyage by the passengers, and extracts from the Journal of his Lordship's yacht, *Mazeppa*, kept by Captain Benson, R. N. commander.

Sailors say that a calm always precedes a storm; and we had reason to give into such presentiments, for the next morning the wind, which had blown from the southwest, with a light gale, suddenly changed to the opposite point of the compass, and came down with sweeping vengeance. We close-reefed our sails and made all snug; the captain and Captain F——n declaring we should have to encounter a strong 'Levanter,' all our efforts were strained to double the head-land, and get into the gulph of St. Florenzo, but in

vain; so that a whole day was spent in tacking and veering to close in with the land, to no purpose. Sea-sickness now laid all our ladies and gentlemen 'on their beams ends.' The sun set angrily, and the wind veering to the westward, brought us upon a lee-shore to our utter dismay. We reduced our sails to a few yards of canvass, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder overhead appeared as if ready to dispart the vessel, and bury us in waves which rolled over the vessel with irresistible force. His Lordship, with Captain F——n, Dr. Peto, and Percy's S——, kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the rest of our company; a tremendous sea carried away the boat which was hoisted up at the stern, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. For our own safety, all hands, after being revived with a dram, began to throw overboard the guns, Lord Byron himself assisting in this painful duty; the long-boat was then released from her lashings, and as we wished, the waves soon swept her from the deck; our two cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses; the others were in the hold, and to that they owed their preservation. The two large anchors were cut from the bows, and the vessel thus eased of a heavy top-load, danced more lightly over the tremendous billows, and inspired us with fresh hopes. The crew were all ordered to the after part of the deck, and again refreshed with liquor. A light was seen apparently in the clouds, which shone from some mountaineer's cottage; it gleamed with a sickly hue through the storm, and the sailors with true Italian superstition, pronounced it 'St. Peter's watch-light,' to show us the grave; indeed we were all inclined to think it foreboded no good as the Captain—Benson—informed us that there was no lighthouse on that part of the coast, and we must be very near the light so plainly seen. We soon saw the high mountains. The captain, who had been anxiously looking out, acquainted us so as not to be heard by the crew, that he saw breakers nearly a-head, and had no hopes of being able to weather them. Captain F——n coincided in this opinion, to which his Lordship said, 'Well, we are all born to die—I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear.'

The breakers were now visible to all the crew, to whom his Lordship gave his advice to lash themselves to the yards, which they did. Captain F——n and Captain Benson took the helm; his Lordship descended to the cabin, where all were too much afraid to be sensible of their danger, nor could they be roused by any exertion of his; he came up with a scent-box in his hand, which he placed by his side, and sat down; he had not sat long when he asked, 'Is there any chance?' to which he was answered, 'None whatever.' Then, said he rising, 'it is every man's duty to endeavor to preserve the life God has given him; so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed, can be of little use in these billows; but as children, when tired of crying

sink placidly to repose, we, when exhausted with struggling, shall die the easier; and with God's blessings, we shall soon be at rest.'—His Lordship then threw off every thing but his trousers, and binding his silk neckcloth round his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waiting in tranquil resignation, his fate. Captain F——n was removing some dollars from his coat into the pocket of his smallclothes, which his Lordship observing, smiled and said, 'F——n, do you mean that as a bribe to Neptune to give you a good birth in his watery palace?' The sun was now nearly an hour high, but all was like the twilight of the grave. The sea was long and heavy, and as it broke on the rocks, the crash struck the ear as though a forest of lofty oaks were falling by a whirlwind. The countenance of his Lordship never changed whilst the person who writes this had power to view it.

The breakers now were not a quarter of a mile distant on the lee-bow, when Captain Benson remarked to his Lordship, 'Our only chance is to put away a point before the wind or we are sure to go broadside into the surf and perish at once.' 'As you like said his Lordship, raising his head and looking on the danger: he then resumed his former position. A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the doctor, who instantly sank to rise no more. His Lordship exclaimed 'Good God!' and that moment the vessel rose on a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning, as if she was going to bury herself in the remorseless deep. By this rapid movement she was precipitated forward beyond the reach of the breakers that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence as if incensed at the loss of their destined prey. 'We are safe,' exclaimed Captain F——n and Benson; 'jump, men from the yards, and make sail.' This they did with tumultuous joy, which his Lordship checked, and told them 'Whilst you are working, silently thank God for your miraculous preservation.' He then went below, and bringing up a bottle, bade every one drink, himself pledging them. His Lordship comforted those below with assurance of safety, and the vessel was laid to, under 'snug canvass,' in the mouth of the gulph of St. Florenzo, with every part of which the captain was well acquainted. The sea on which the vessel rose was the means of her preservation; probably there was not, if the sea had been calm, a depth of two feet water on the rocks over which she passed; but the sea carried her safe over at a moment when every hope, but that of immortality was gone.

The vessel now rode smoothly, and the hour of eight being arrived, all the party were enabled to sit up, and take coffee. The doctor was missed, and his loss occasioned sincere regret; not that he had left a memory behind him either to be beloved or lamented. As there was a thick fog in the air, Mr. Benson resolved to lay to until it

cleared away, and we all began to prepare for a good dinner; our cabin guests during the storm had each of them a fine echo in the stomach, and we who had been rocked upon deck had acquired an appetite for any thing but a gale of wind. All our fresh stock had washed overboard; hen and turkey coops, dove cages, and even the filtering-stones for the water, which his Lordship highly valued, were carried away in the flood. There were, however, preserved luxuries of other kinds; portable meats, preserves, &c. and we had an excellent cook. Whilst he provided dinner, we all bathed, (for in the rear of the cabin were two convenient marble baths,) and then dressed ourselves. Our dinner was a happy one, the glass went briskly round; his Lordship was in great spirits. During these happy moments, so quietly did things move upon deck, that we imagined ourselves under sail, when Captain Benson came down and informed his Lordship the vessel was safe at anchor in Martello Bay five miles from the town of Florence.

A KENTUCKIAN'S REVENGE.

Among the numerous ancient mounds that from so striking a feature in the western states and stand as perpetual memorials of that mysterious race now rapidly disappearing from among us, there is one in the neighbourhood of Oldtown, (Ohio,) remarkable, not so much for its size, (it is about 15 feet in height) as for its extreme regularity, it being a perfect hemisphere, but more especially for the tradition annexed with it, which it is my present purpose to relate. I learn it in part from a gentleman who resides near the spot, and who himself received the particulars from one who was many years a resident among the Indians, and personally acquainted with the chief actor in the tale.

Our history has doubtless made the reader acquainted with the circumstances of the battle of Tippecanoe, where after the American troops, through the treachery of the Indians, had been surrounded by three times their number, the brave Col. Jo. Davis, with a small but determined band cut his way through the throng of savages, and saved the lives of his companions in arms at the expense of his own. At the close of the engagement, as the Americans were retiring from the field of blood, they were followed by scattering parties of the enemy, whose object appeared to be, to secure the scalps of those whose wounds should prevent them from keeping pace with their companions. A young Kentuckian among our troops, observed at no great distance two of these savages, who were ascertained to be father and son,—the one an old man and the other in the meridian of life. Being vigorous and athletic, and accustomed to laugh danger to scorn, the Kentuckian determined to encounter them, although he observed a considerable number of Indians at a little distance. Watching his opportunity, therefore, he withdrew from his station, and planting himself in a clump of bushes, as the savages approached he hurled his tomahawk and the elder of them fell dead. Our soldier immediately sprung

forth from his hiding place and grappled with the other, without giving him time to discharge his tomahawk. The struggle was short. The powerful nerve of the Kentuckian prevailed over the desperate efforts of the red man:—he was thrown to the ground and speedily disarmed. Seeing the party of Indians, before mentioned at hand and sensible that no time was to be lost, the victor seizing his prisoner by the wrists and brandishing his knife, compelled him to follow him towards the American troops, who had already gained considerable in advance. The savage submitted apparently without reluctance, but in the hurry of their flight, the soldier at length stumbled and nearly fell. His prisoner took advantage of this, and disengaging himself with a desperate effort, he fled towards his companions. To pursue him was certain death and as our hero was without a rifle, he had no means of arresting his steps. Indeed it was time for him to fly. The Indians had recognized him, and a hot pursuit was commenced. He however reached the American troops in safety.

Two years after this, and when the war was now over, the same Kentuckian with an exploring party, was on the banks of the Wabash. At night, when all were asleep, he was suddenly awakened by some unceremonious and powerful grip of two or three savages. Attempting to call to his companions, he found his tongue confined, and he was immediately borne away. So soon as the morning light permitted, he discovered that one of his captors was his former prisoner. Not a word was spoken, and after a journey of several days, they arrived at a considerable Indian village.—The prisoner was conveyed to the council house, where he soon discovered that his former captive had considerable influence. Still, as that tribe was at peace with the United States, most of the Indians appeared indisposed to take any harsh measures with an adventurer, and was at least privately given to understand that his captor would agree to discharge him, provided he would acknowledge him to be the *bravest man*. The ease with which the Kentuckian had subdued him, on a former occasion, it seems, rankled in his bosom no less than the death of his father, and finding it impossible to obtain vengeance for the latter in the blood of his prisoner he determined to seek restitution for the former, in his humiliation. Indeed, the Indians of that day looked upon the Kentuckians, with feelings not dissimilar to those which they regarded the hostile tribes of their own tawny race. The long Knives, as they termed them, made use of the same weapons and the same mode of warfare with themselves, and abundantly reciprocated the implacable sentiments of their savage foes. These facts may serve to account for the above proposition to our hero, as well as for the answer to it. He declared that he would die sooner than make such an admission, and preparations were accordingly made to torture him. There was a white man among them, the same who communicated to my informant most of the particulars here related, who had been adopted

into one of their families. He, by their direction, the prisoner having been laid with his back upon the ground with each of his hands and feet confined to a strong stake driven into the earth, now proceeded to surround him with piles of brush, placed at such a distance from his body, as when enkindled, just to render him uncomfortably hot: Fire was then applied to them, and in this condition the prisoner was suffered to remain during the day. At night the fire was extinguished, and he was left to endure the inclemency of a December atmosphere. The piles of burning brush were, on the morrow, placed still closer to his body, so that the skin was parched and burnt: on the day following, the still nearer vicinity of the flames caused his flesh to broil and reek but still not a sigh nor a groan escaped him. That night the white man visited him and represented to him that it was, by no means the intention of the Indians to take his life, unless by his obstinacy, he forced them to do so; but that their sole object was to extort from him some note of anguish, some cry of despair, which might betray his pusillanimity. "And this," said the prisoner, "they shall never do. I will die first." His heroic reply struck the heart of the white man, and he immediately determined that he should not die. Yet to effect his escape was impossible. A number of Indians were lying around them, awake and almost in hearing of their voices. He suggested to the prisoner that if he persisted in his resolution, his death was inevitable, but if, on the other hand, he only *appeared* to yield to the torments under which he was lying, his release was equally certain, and in that case, he would have an opportunity for retaliation. The main spring of the Kentuckian's soul was touched, and a glance, bright and flashing with the awakened thought of vengeance, showed his readiness to agree with any scheme that might result in their gratification. In the mean time he requested his new friend to entice his persecutor, within a certain period, on a trading expedition to Oldtown, (then called Chillicothe,) which, having long been the seat of an extensive settlement of Indians, continued for a considerable period after its evacuation by them, to be a favorite rendezvous for them and the Indian traders. All things being arranged, the white man retired, and the next day, when the flames had been rekindled round our hero and while death and nature seemed struggling for the mastery of his expiring frame, on a sudden one piercing shriek of apparent agony burst from his bosom. It was echoed by one fiendish yell of triumph on the part of the Indians, and he was immediately released, his sores carefully treated till he recovered, and then the whole tribe, men, women, and children, united in hooting him from the village.

Within three months after this event, our scene changes to Oldtown. Upon an Indian mound, the same already mentioned, a trader had prepared his stand and displayed his ware. A large number of Indians were present: it now grew dark, and the pine knots were already lighted, when suddenly a horseman rode up. He leaped from his steed, seized an In-

dian, flung him across the pommel of his saddle and retired with the swiftness of the wind. He was immediately pursued, but the darkness of the night, together with his strong Kentucky steed, enabled him to make good his retreat. At daylight the pursuit was renewed, and at length the body of the unfortunate Indian was found skinned and quartered, a few miles from Oldtown—a terrible monument of a Kentuckian's revenge.—*Nashville Kaleidoscope.*

TO MOTHERS.

Perhaps there never was a time when the youth of our country were presented with so many advantages and facilities for instruction as at the present. Within a few years, a variety of institutions have sprung up, almost beyond computation; each one vying with the other, in presenting the best and most economical mode of teaching the young idea how to shoot. Professional colleges, theological seminaries, national and manual labor schools, district, infant and sabbath schools, are elevating this nation far above her worldly contemporaries.

Well, a people to be happy must be enlightened. By a free people I do not mean a headstrong, violent, cut and thrust race; who are building up to-day and tearing down to-morrow, disregarding the rights of their neighbors and trampling on the great moral law; who are swayed by every wind of doctrine, and tossed to and fro, like a troubled sea. The French people were not free on the memorable three days of August; the Manchester manufacturers are not free in a *strike*; the Irish peasants were not free when they nailed their schoolmasters' tongues to the floor. No; but that people is free, where the civil and religious institutions are in their own hands, and who are governed by morality, virtue and reason. What a great nation will the American people have become, when, a few years hence, we shall see those deep forests, which cast such a dark shade over so large a portion of our country, giving place to peaceful villages and cultivated fields; when in every district shall be a seminary of learning; when our mechanics shall be Fultons and Franklins in science, our farmers Washingtons in agriculture, and our magistrates Jeffersons, Jays and Hamiltons in legislation.

What an interesting age to live in! when freedom's steps are not so few and far between, that they can not be counted. Oh! what the bliss to live when all are free! The age of constitutions will roll down the *tide of ages*, and its page of history be forever known. The seed of freedom's tree is borne upon the lightest breeze, and that must be a hard and sterile soil, that will not warm at its approach and give it place. An intellectual age, in which the poor gain information, and not when power and wealth, but virtue and intelligence give to man his station; when mind is free, and moral force sways the nation; who can not bless the age he lives in? Yes! the hour is drawing nigh—is now, when, "o'er sea and land," the sun of liberty pours down its rays and lights all men to freedom.

But I am wandering a little from my object:

What is it that is doing so much towards furthering this great consummation, so devoutly to be wished for? I answer, the moral and religious instruction of the rising generation.

I rejoice that among the changes calculated to benefit youth, is the dismissal from their libraries of those old and unmeaning books—books really various in their bearing upon the mind, such as the *Arabian Nights*, *Tom Thumb*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Cinderella*, &c., and the substitution of authentic history and "lessons on things," written by masterly pens and in a style easily to be comprehended. When men like Galludet, Goodrich and Bedell put their shoulders to this wheel, I am sure it will turn to good advantage.

If our nation is to go on prospering and maintain that high rank which she now bids so fair to attain, it must be by the strictest regard to the education of those who are to take the high places among us. How cautious parents and teachers should be then, of putting into the hands of those under their care, books which they have not examined, and which may not, in the principles they tend to inculcate, agree with the best of books.

What a motto for a monument—"MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON!"—and yet that monument will moulder into dust; the ink will be obliterated from history's page; but the motto will remain forever, inscribed upon the hearts of his countrymen.

Do we find any encouragement in this to parents? Yes! "to the anxious care of his mother may be traced his usefulness to his country, and the glory of his character." So history says, and our hearts confirm the sentiment.

Then mothers have a step to take, a part to act, in the onward march of intellectual improvement, of moral greatness and of true liberty. Look to it, then, American matrons! Theology may be discussed, professions selected, ways and means devised for educating the poor, and the benevolent institutions of the day go on;—but it is to you that we look! on you our hopes are suspended!—"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;"—without your careful culture at home, instruction away from it will avail but little. Read what the excellent Edward Payson says: "My recollections of my mother extend very far back into the scenes of my childhood, and now I remember that though she was very solicitous that I might be liberally educated and highly accomplished, and attain to great respectability and influence, yet her absorbing wish seemed to be, that I might become a child of God."

Miss Lee, in her memoirs of that eminent naturalist, Baron Cuvier, says, "This well judging parent did not confine her care to his health alone; she devoted herself equally to the formation of his mind, and was another proof of the influence that a mother's early attentions frequently shed over the future career of her son. She guided him in his religious duties, * * and by constantly furnishing him with the best books on history and general literature, matured that passion for reading, that ardent desire for knowledge, which became the principal spring of his intellectual existence."—*Literary Inquirer.*

A CURIOSITY.—In the Cabinet of the Western Reserve College, is an old wrought iron horseman's spur, said to have been found by leadminers on the banks of Missouri, 15 feet below the surface. It is nine inches long—the stem from the bow to the end of the burr, 5 inches—the burr 4½ inches in diameter—the whole weight one pound. The workmanship shows a high state of the arts. It has been shrewdly suggested that this is the spur which the Indian used, who, as tradition says, rode the last of the mammoths across the big bone licks, and was never heard of afterwards.

EAST INDIES.—A subscription has been commenced at Bombay for carrying into execution the long talked of scheme for establishing a communication by steam between Europe and India, *via* Isthmus of Suez. At the first meeting, 29,750 rupees were subscribed. Every expense, it has been calculated, for the first experiment, will not exceed 165,000 rupees.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—*Cure for Hydrophobia.*—A French physician has discovered an infallible remedy for hydrophobia. It is merely putting the patient into a vapor bath, heated to 126 Fahrenheit. By this means he has cured upwards of eighty patients, and intends to try its efficacy in cases of cholera, plague, yellow fever and gout.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.
ON THE DEATH OF JAMES I. WELLS.

Rest thee, little one, in thy cold bed of clay,
Bright was thy morning, but transient thy day;
Thy parents, sweet cherub, who watch'd thy young charms,
Ne'er thought they would perish, while yet in their arms.

They pictur'd thy manhood, yet call'd thee their boy,
And echoed thy laugh, while dilated with joy;
They saw not, alas! 'neath thy bright winsome smiles,
The spring of corruption engaged in its wiles.

A beautiful bud just expanding wert thou,
Cut down by the stroke 'neath which all must bow.
Its fragrance untainted, unfolded its bloom,
While promising joys were consigned to the tomb.

Mourn him not, parents; he has pass'd through the vale,
And gain'd that bright land where no storm can assail;
The afflictions of life with him are all o'er—
Disappointments and death can reach him no more.

BELMONT LYCEUM.

The first Quarterly Meeting of the BELMONT LYCEUM will be held at the Court House in St. Clairsville, on Saturday the 15th day of February next, at two o'clock, P. M. Several Essays and a Debate may be expected—*Question for discussion, Is the Sun the source of light?* The public are respectfully invited to attend. By order of the Society.

TH. GREGG, Sec'y.

MISCELLANY.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Let your first care be to give your little girls a good physical education. Let their early years be passed, if possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the free exercises in which they delight. When they grow older, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours of the day over their books, their work, their maps and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours passed in real attention to well ordered studies, will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately finished, in the modern acceptance of the term. The systems by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with measured action and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degrading idea perpetually present, that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanor springs from the mind; fashionable schools do but teach its imitations, whilst their rules forbid to be ingenuous. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments. If they marry husbands as uninformed as themselves, they fall into habits of insignificance without much pain; if they marry persons more accomplished, they can retain no hold on their affections.—Hence many matrimonial miseries, in the midst of which the wife finds it a consolation to be always complaining of her health and ruined nerves. In the education of young women, we would say—let them be secured from all the trappings and manacles of such a system; let them partake of every active exercise not absolutely unfeminine, and trust to their being able to get into or out of a carriage with a light and graceful step which no drilling can accomplish. Let them rise early and retire early to rest, and trust that their beauty will not need to be coined into artificial smiles in order to secure a welcome, whatever room they enter. Let them ride, walk, run, dance in the open air. Encourage the merry and innocent diversions in which the young delight: let them, under proper guidance, explore every hill and valley: let them plant and cultivate the garden, and make hay when the summer sun shines, and surmount all dread of a shower of rain or the hoisterous wind; and above all, let them take no medicine except when the doctor orders it. The demons of hysteria and melancholy might hover over a group of young ladies so brought up; but they would not find one of them upon whom they could exercise any power.—*For. Quar. Rev.*

ADVANTAGES AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

MAN is a compound being; his nature consists of two essential parts, body and mind.—

Each of these parts of the human constitution has its peculiar uses, and is susceptible of peculiar gratifications. The body is furnished with external senses, which are both the sources of pleasure and the inlets of knowledge; and the Creator has furnished the universe with objects fitted for their exercise and gratification. While these pleasures are directed by the dictates of reason, and confined within the limits prescribed by the Divine law, they are so far from being unlawful; that in the enjoyment of them we fulfil one of the purposes for which our Creator brought us into existence. But the pursuit of sensitive pleasures is not the ultimate end of our being; we enjoy such gratifications in common with the inferior animals; and in so far as we rest in them as our chief good, we pour contempt on our intellectual nature, and degrade ourselves nearly to the level of the beasts that perish.

Man is endowed with intellectual powers, as well as with organs of sensation,—with faculties of a higher order, and which admit of more varied and sublime gratifications, than those which the senses can produce. By these faculties we are chiefly distinguished from the lower orders of animated existence; in the proper exercise and direction of them, we experience the highest and most refined enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible, and are gradually prepared for the employments of that immortal existence to which we are destined. The corporeal senses were bestowed chiefly in subserviency to the powers of intellect, and to supply materials for thought and contemplation; and the pleasures peculiar to our intellectual nature, rise as high above mere sensitive enjoyments, as the rank of man stands in the scale of existence above that of the fowls of the air, or the beasts of the forest. Such pleasures are pure and refined; they are congenial to the character of a rational being; they are more permanent than mere sensitive enjoyments; they can be enjoyed when worldly comforts are withdrawn and when sensual gratifications can afford no delight; they afford solace in the hours of retirement from the bustle of business, and consolation amid the calamities and afflictions to which humanity is exposed; and the more we acquire a relish for such pleasures, the better shall we be prepared for associating with intelligences of a higher order in the future world.—*Dick on the Improvement of Society.*

PROSPECTUS

Of the Second Volume of the Literary Cabinet, to be enlarged, improved, and published weekly, with the title of

THE WESTERN GEM,

And Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News

The publisher of the Literary Cabinet proposes to commence the Second Volume with new and important improvements. Encouraged by the general manifestation among his friends, of a willingness to support a WEEKLY JOURNAL, of a Literary and Scientific character, he has resolved to commence the publication weekly, on or

about the First of January, 1834. The character of the paper will undergo a considerable improvement; it being the intention of the editor to furnish a greater proportion of matter of a solid and instructive kind, to the exclusion of that which is light and uninteresting. It is the determination of the editor to spare no pains to render his paper a "Gem" worthy of admission into every family circle, and one, to the pages of which every member of a family may apply for instruction or entertainment. The following will be the order and character of its various departments.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.—Under this head will be included all the selected articles from foreign or American journals, which will not class more properly under the Scientific department. They will consist of Tales, Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Biography, History, &c. As the editor will have access to some of the best literary magazines and journals in the country, he confidently expects to be able to make this department as interesting as that of any other western periodical.

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.—This department of the paper will be made unusually interesting. In addition to the occasional contributions of writers in different parts of our country, the editor has had the promise of assistance from Geo. W. THOMSON, & C. C. CARROLL, Esqrs. both of whom are favorably known as writers in the various departments of Literature, and also from some others, whose names he is not permitted to make public.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.—Sectional politics and religious controversy will be strictly avoided. But in every thing else the editor shall give his pen a free range;—on all occasions endeavoring to maintain that candid course so necessary to the success of a journal, and without which none can be respectable. This department, however, will be principally devoted to subjects connected with the literature of our country—particularly that portion of it usually denominated THE WEST.

DEPARTMENT OF NEWS.—In this place will be given a synopsis of the latest news, both foreign and domestic. As the limits of the paper will not permit of extended and minute details of passing events, only a condensed summary of that which shall appear most interesting to the general reader, and that which relates to subjects of Literature, Science, and Philanthropy, will be given. For the purpose of putting as much news as possible in a small compass, the matter for this department will be principally re-written.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.—It is intended to reduce this department of the paper to some fixed plan, instead of following the common method of an indiscriminate selection, as heretofore. Cuts will occasionally be given, for the purpose of illustrating the more difficult branches of science; this will be a new and important additional feature, which will add to its interest and usefulness, and considerably increase the expenses of the publication.

TERMS.

THE WESTERN GEM, and Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News, will be published weekly on a Royal sheet, of fine quality, and good type, in Quarto form, making a yearly volume of 416 large pages, (about three times the matter contained in the present volume,) and furnished at the end of the year with a Title page and Index. Price of subscription, Two Dollars a year, in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty cents when payment is not made in six months from the commencement of the volume.

Local agents will be allowed twelve and a half per cent, on all monies collected, beside a copy of the work. It is expected that persons accepting agencies will make exertions to obtain subscriptions, upon these liberal terms. Any person who procures three subscribers, and makes payment in advance, shall receive a bound copy of volume first.